

PROCKS GIRLISHLY SIMPLE

PRETTY STREET SUITS MADE UP ON RUSSIAN LINES.

Less Choice in Dress for the Young Girl Than the Debutante, but the Modes kind to Her Nevertheless—Her Coats, Her Blouses and Evening Gowns.

The young girl not yet aspiring to the proud position of debutante has less latitude of choice in her frocks than has her older sister, but though good taste demands a distinct air of girlish simplicity in her toilets she has a host of pretty things from which to choose, and this year the modes are especially kind to her.

We have seen too, charming Russian suits of black velvet braided in wide, fancy silk braid and worn with neck fur, muff and turban of white fox, with a mere touch of warm color in a knot of velvet or flower on the white turban.

You see also the long black velvet coat adapted to girl's wear, the separate coat, that is covering the frock entirely or all but a few inches. For the young girl this type of coat is cut on simple, semi-loose, straight lines and often buttons down the left side and has a Russian collar, though this is by no means the rule. Sometimes a wide collar of heavy lace finishes the neck, leaving the throat free, and furs supply the needed warmth.

The long separate coat and the one piece frock are even more successful with the girls than with the grownups.

braided in black after a semi-military fashion with frogging down the front and a high military collar of black caracul. On the blond head was a round, quite small turban on the top of the head, with a stiff brush of black rising from a gold cockade poised at the right front.

For the frocks worn under the coats there are innumerable materials and designs. The lightweight woolsens, serges, cashmires, etc., are usually chosen for hard service and simply made with skirt and bodice attached to each other under a belt or girdle, long sleeves, tucked or plaited bodice and either a Dutch neck, finished by a white collar of lace, linen or muslin, a shallow little guimpe and collar of lingerie or net, or merely a collar band over which may be adjusted a stock and frill.

The frill of muslin or net is as popular with girls as with women, but the fine and simple effects are in the best taste for the girlish wearer. Fine frills of hemstitched lawn will do much to brighten a dark wool frock, but there must be enough to vouchsafe against lack of a fresh one. The inexcusable things in a girl's toilet are carelessness, tawdry finery and soiled accessories. The more simply she is dressed the better, but she must be scrupulously dainty and trim if she is to have an air of smartness or even tastefulness devoid of smartness.

Separate blouses and skirts for school and morning wear are of course as much as ever in demand and are really the most practical attire for the schoolgirl provided she can have plenty of the tub blouses and need not economize on laundry. Elaborately trimmed blouses and pretentious blouses of cheap quality look even worse upon the young girl than upon the woman.

If expense need not be carefully considered

let it by all means be fine and unpretentious.

For afternoon wear there are the lovely broadcloths, fine serges, cashmires, woolsens, marquisettes, many silk and wool mixtures, crepe de chine and the velvet of which we have already spoken. Among silks only the crepe de chine and India silk are accepted as really girlish, though for evening frocks other silks are occasionally used, and silk sheer stuffs such as mousseline de soie, silk nixon and silk marquisette are, of course, permissible.

The fine lingerie frock of mull, batiste, swiss or lawn is perhaps the prettiest and most appropriate thing the young girl can wear for evening or for afternoon parties which demand light attire; but here again you run against the mandate decreasing absolute fineness and distinctness. The lingerie frock need not be elaborately trimmed, but such trimming as it has must be beyond reproach.

Little frocks of plain cream net are charming for the girl's evening wear if cleverly made, and some of the prettiest we have seen were of surprising simplicity. One for example, though high in price because coming from the hand of a fashionable maker, had a full skirt untrimmed save for a wide group of little hand run tucks above the hem.

It joined a full bodice under several lines of tucked shirring at the waist line and was finished around the Dutch neck by a fine plaiting of the net falling over the bodice. Short sleeves had the same finish of plaited frill. Around the bodice under the net a soft pink scarf was drawn and passing through big embroidered eyelets was tied in a bow on the front of the waist.

Similar scarf arrangements, though narrower, encircled the arms under the net sleeves and were knotted outside the net on the outer arm. A slash of the same pink was under the net skirt, but the bow in which it was tied at the left knee was also veiled by the net.

A pretty little pink silk mousseline evening frock, trimmed with narrow lattice bands of fine crystal like narrow crystal insertion, is pictured among the sketches and was successfully youthful, as was a pink chiffon with Japanese sleeves and a touch of fine silver lace at the throat. A good model of rose crepe de chine with a plain tunic overskirt over a plain skirt; but this model, though simple enough, for some reason or other had not quite the desirable girlish air.



YOUNG GIRL'S PARTY FROCK OF CHIFFON, SILK AND MOUSSELINE TRIMMED WITH CRYSTALS.

for though you hear much of such coats, a woman finds difficulty in securing one that does not definitely suggest motor uses, and falls back on a long fur coat for general wear. The girl, however, appears in the smartest of rough cloth or corduroy coats, plain or braided, belted or free, and reaching quite to the bottom of the frock.

Dark blue is a favorite color for such coats and there are many chic models in shades of oyster, bluish and khaki, as well as in the mixed tweeds and cloths. A pretty blonde girl of 16 or 17 wore on the avenue the other day, a long coat of rough serge in a beautiful warm blue,

considered the prettiest thing she can wear for morning is one of the hand made tucked blouses of fine lawn, with hemstitched frill and no other trimming, but as these come high on account of the hand work, similar models, machine made, may be substituted satisfactorily provided the work is carefully done and the material good.

Simple tailored blouses of all kinds are desirable, the sheer lawns, fine cross-bar batistes, etc., being the daintiest, while madras and pique give the best service and keep their freshness longer than the thinner stuffs. Where trimming is used on the young girl's lingerie blouse

TERROR OF THE DOG WOMAN

MAN FROM MISSOURI OBJECTS TO A NEW YORK CUSTOM.

Pursued by Dogs in His Boarding House and in His Bachelor Apartment—An Eviction of the No Dog, No Baby Rule—An Ultimatum to the Landlord.

"New York would be all right as a place of residence," said the man who came from Missouri, "but for the dog woman."

"The what?" queried the native who sat across the table in the gilded cafe on Broadway.

"The dog woman, I said. Have you grown hard of hearing since last week?"

"And what, may I humbly inquire of you is the dog woman?"

"What?" screamed Missouri, "you've lived here all your life—born and brought up here, and you don't know the dog woman?"

"Seventh avenue, never stayed more than a day at a time anywhere save in this dog dominated town, and yet you never heard of the dog woman?"

"Well, I used to read now and then when I lived in Bowling Green up the street from Champ Clark's house that the real New Yorker never knows his own city. Now I begin to believe it. Say, do you know where Park row leaves off and the Bowery takes up the thread?"

"No," said the New Yorker boldly, "and I don't want to know. But what about the dog woman, is that it?"

"Oh, Lordy!" Missouri shrieked, "in the language of the late lamented Artemus Ward or maybe it was Josh Billings or some other josh, this is 3 mitch! Dear unconverted friend and unregenerated native of the illuminated caverns of Broadway, the dog woman is to New York what the head hunter is to Borneo or the wilds of interior Luzon. She is the terror that beats apartment house life in this otherwise hospitable village."

"Very well," said the native, "kindly pass the salt and then get your grouse against this dog woman out of your system. Tell me all you think I ought to know about her."

"Very well," repeated the Missourian, "I will begin by saying that ten days ago I rented a bachelor apartment in one of those elevator houses in upper Harlem where somebody else uses the same bathroom. I was told by the superintendent, who was upheld by the elevator boy, that they were lively people in the rest of the suite—a couple, man and wife, and there would be no nuisances."

"I was delighted. I had moved from a boarding house because the landlady was a presumptive dog woman. She had a mean little fox-terrier that was an adept in running between your feet when you sat at table. Her husband had to take the dog outdoors twice a day on a chain for an airing. He led it, or was led by it, around the block. So she was not properly a dog woman, as the real dog woman herself takes the dog out for its constitutional."

"But I detected the symptoms, and I knew that if her husband ever got a job she would become a fully developed dog woman. Anyhow, I objected to the dog in the dining room and I got out."

"Well, for a few days things were lovely in my new place. One day I read in the papers that a man had been killed—chewed to a horrible death—by a miserable brute of a bulldog which his sister insisted upon keeping in the house. I congratulated myself on riding home that evening. There was no dog in my place, I said. 'I'm safe.'"

"I closed the door to our dual apartment. There was no light in the hall. While I was seeking a match in my pocket something jumped at my leg and licked my hand. It evidently wanted to jump up and kiss me. It was a bull terrier, as I discovered when I lit the gas."

"I unlocked my door and darted in, but the dog darted in before me and started up into my Morris chair. Then he darted on to my bed. Then he darted down and darted up against my legs and again tried to caress me. Of course I was glad he wasn't a bad bull, like the man slayer, but I was disgusted because he was just a dog, an animal that has no business to be inside a house."

"Where, then," asked the New Yorker quietly, "would you keep dogs?"

"I wouldn't keep them at all in New York," said Missouri. "There ought to be a law in this town against keeping dogs in apartments. I finally induced this dog to run out in the hall after seven efforts, first going out myself and then managing to get back and slam the door on him."

"I saw and heard nothing more about the dog until the next night, when the brute set up a barking that gave me a murderous mania, but also gave me nervous prostration, so I was helpless to defend myself. The beast kept up his barking till the dog woman came home. Then I discovered by inquiring of the elevator boy that the nice quiet couple had moved out and two fine ladies' had moved in."

"Next morning as I left to go to business I identified one of the fine ladies. She went down in the elevator with me. She had my dog visitor on a string. He jumped at my legs and at the elevator boy's legs. Apparently he is devoted to legs."

"The dog woman took the dog outside and aired him. I telephoned to the office that my great-grandfather was dead—which was true—and went to look for another home."

"You give up easily," said the native. "Oh, well," returned Missouri, "the dog woman was a woman, you know. Out in Pike county we never kill women. Out of pure gallantry and courtesy I let her escape—but I made my escape too."

"I got another bachelor apartment. You know, however, that I'm married and my wife is in the West for the present, so I really am a bachelor. This leads me back into ancient history."

"When my wife was here we lived on Washington Heights; had a real darling in an apartment on the fourth floor. We had had one up the same street before, but it was a dog woman right across the street from us."

"Our new landlord, who was agent for his own building, assured us that neither dogs nor babies were allowed. Mind you, I don't object to babies in an apartment, they're natural; but a dog doesn't belong to the family out where we came from. He's a sort of rank outsider, you know, and should be kept outside."

"The new place suited you then, of course?"

"Yes, until the next morning. Then the dog woman turned up, or rather down. She was a very large woman, about 220 pounds. Her husband weighed about 120 pounds and was a foot and a half shorter. I figure that the difference in height accounted for his acquiescence in the afternoon each day she repeated the performance. Sometimes hubby went along to help hold the dog, which was a powerful brute."

"Well, it's too bad, but one dog upstairs won't hurt," said my amiable wife. "A few days later, after marvelling at the nocturnal tramping, most of it I learned from above our own bedroom, we learned from above our own bedroom that the dog woman was using her apartment."

for the breeding of bull pups. Her beast was the mother of a litter of six—six, count 'em—six! Seven dogs in the apartment right above us! Only seven! This is a truth, brother."

"That night I sat down to my typewriter and wrote one of the most artistic letters that any landlord ever received. It was a classic of withering, scorching, scalding scorn. It bristled with stiff, perceptive epithets and adjectives. It spluttered red fire. It coated anathemas at every pore. It contained threats that made cold thrills run down the landlord's backbone."

"Next morning the landlord rang my bell to apologize. He was 'umble as Uriah Heep. He twisted his hands together as he talked. He confessed that those people upstairs rented their apartment on the representation that there were but two in the family, saying nothing about the dog."

"Dog?" I screamed into his face. "You mean dogs?"

"No," he said, "they brought but one visible dog to this house with them, and they insisted that in when I wasn't looking."

"Then why didn't you make 'em sneak it out?" I yelled.

"The landlord said he didn't disconcert the dog for several days, as the dog woman didn't dare to take her outdoors. She took her up on the roof every day, and some of the other tenants discovered the presence of the lady dog with the dog woman and howled."

"I didn't have the heart to evict the dog," acknowledged the landlord. "I was pretty sure he didn't have the heart because the dog woman was nearly twice as big as himself, and one withering glance from her would have given him palpitation of the heart."

"How did those six other dogs get into the flat?" mildly inquired my wife.

"The landlord blushed. They were born here," he said.

"Of course he didn't have the heart to evict half a dozen babies, so he let them stay. But in response to my pious letter he promised to order the dog family out, otherwise the dog woman and her dog dominated husband must go. That was my ultimatum, you see, in my letter or we would go. The landlord wanted to keep us, so he ordered the dogs removed from the premises."

"Next day I met the dog woman going downstairs with two dogs, the mother and one pup, and her husband. She glowered at me and showed her fangs, but did not bark. That night the landlord told me the dog woman had sold one of the six pups and if we gave her time she would dispose of the whole litter."

"At the end of our month three pups had been sold. The others had grown to prodigious size and it was like sleeping under the stall of a horse stable to remain in our bedroom. Their kennel was the room immediately overhead. As I entered the landlord's office to notify him that we were moving I observed, framed artistically, my letter of protest. He had it hung above his desk."

"He said it was the richest thing he ever read. I told him if I had time I'd look like a naked orphan that had a bite to eat for six weeks. The landlord laughed."

"Please pass the pepper," said the native.

"Better have some tabasco sauce," the Missourian suggested. "We stored our furniture and my wife went West, where dogs don't live as members of the family. Then I went to boarding."

"Now I'm coming to the sequel. After I left the precincts of the dog woman whose bull terrier paid me that infamous call I got another bachelor apartment, as I said, and felt happy. It was a better apartment. The bathroom, however, looked littery. This disappointed me, for I dearly love a decent bathroom. She even had bathrooms in Bowling Green."

"I soon learned why the bathroom was littery—it was caused by the litter, discarded shoes and the other occupants of my dual apartment were the dog woman and her dog. She had composed the now-written classic and her dog pecked her hand. She had the same lady dog with a new litter—seven!"

"Have some cayenne pepper and good-bye, old man. I'm going back to Bowling Green."

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